



Voices from the Range

By RHODA SIVELL

ILLUSTRATED



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RHODA SIVELL

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COME WITH ME TO THE OLD RANGE.

*Come with me to the old range
Just for an hour or so;
You'll hear the call of the range stock
And the voice of the Chinook blow.
Blowing down o'er the wind-swept hills
Where the pups of the grey wolf play
And their dens lie deep in the hidden steep
Of the cut-banks far away.*

*You'll hear the song of the bluebird
As she swings on the willow tree,
And the note of the wild dove cooing;
See the range that looks good to me;
Hear the wild young range horse neighing,
The music of unshod feet,
And the sun o'er the range hills setting—
The things that make life complete.*

*You will smell the wild clematis,
As it falls in a cloud of white,
Sending its glorious fragrance
Far out in the prairie night;
See the moon skinning over the river,
Hear the call of the coyote shrill,
And the long, deep bay of the lone wolf
Coming down from a far-off hill.*

*You will see Dick the broncho buster,
The rider who doesn't blow;
You will hear of the cold, hard winter,
The crust on the frozen snow;
Of the outlaw hunted by redcoats
When he hid in the old range hills;
Of the mist that hangs over the river;
Of the soft rain that never chills.*

*Then come with me to the old range
Just for an hour or so;
I'll show the sweetest things on earth
Out where the Chinooks blow.*

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Voices from the Range

CALGARY, "QUEEN OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

I NEVER loved the city life,
The range looks good to me;
But the City of the Golden West
Is good old Calgary.
The boys all talk about her,
And tell you she's a queen.
She's big and splendid like the plain;
She hates what's small and mean.

She stands out in the Golden West,
Our Lady of the Range,
And we'll take our hats off to her, boys,
As Queen of all the Plains.
She's the Rancher's Town, we reckon,
And we've got to call her so;
But she hasn't need of boosting,
For we hate all kind of blow.

She's like a thoroughbred well groomed,
I've heard a stockman say;
And when I saw her well-kept streets,
I thought of her that way.
Oh, I like her stately bearing,
And yet she's warm and true;
And you never feel a stranger there,
The way she welcomes you.

The Rockies stand behind her,
To guard Our Lady there.
Great rivers wind around her,
To make her look more fair.
So we'll take our hats off to her, boys,
As Queen of all the Plains,
And we'll wish her great prosperity,
Our Lady of the Range.

THE OLD SASKATCHEWAN.

DOWN where the river is winding
Its deep and lonely way,
By coulee and cut-bank surrounding,
The dark Saskatchewan lay.

And far below in the distance,
Where the river flats look still,
And the smoke of an Indian teepee
Rises up from a far-off hill.

I hear the cry of the wild geese
As they fly to their evening rest
On the sand-bars of the river
In the wild and the golden West.

And out by the far-off coulees,
Where the evening shadows lie
In the depth of their lonely grandeur,
I hear the lone wolf's cry.

And the coyotes call from the distant range,
Out where the range stock roam,
And the cowboy whoops as he spurs his horse
Down to the old ranch home.

Down by the Old Saskatchewan
It's lonely, and wild, and free,
And the old rough range by the river-side
Looks best in the world to me.

THE WOLF HUNTER.

AT the dark of evening, when the shadows fall
Out across the bad lands, you can hear them
call,

Calling for the round-up for their evening prey.
Ah, the horses hear them; how they bunch and
neigh!

Now the moon has risen, bathes the plain in white;
Oh, how calm and peaceful seems the prairie
night;

But what are those shadows leaping o'er the
plain?

Ah, the horses see them, snort and bunch again.

O'er the plain they gallop; they are drifting fast.
But the wolves are on them, and it cannot last.
One bright sorrel yearling, with a silver mane,
They have cut her from the bunch, and she
squeals with pain.

Five gaunt wolves are round her, running towards
a break,

Leaping almost on her; oh, the bounds they take!
And the sorrel yearling with the silver mane,
Drifting in the moonlight, trembles now with pain.

How the hoofs are ringing on the frozen ground,
Out across the prairie, not another sound
But the running horses. God! but what a sight
For a cowboy hunter in the dead of night!

Just another shadow hurries from the breaks,
Drops upon the prairie and an aim he takes
At the shadow'd devils, leaping o'er the plain,
Then a rifle-shot rings out, and saves the silver
mane.

All night long he'd lain there in the frosty night,
Waiting, waiting, waiting, for that hellish sight;
Two dead wolves beside him when the dawn broke
grey,
And the sorrel yearling with the bunch that day.

THE CHINOOK.

THE moon across the hills rose cold last night,
And o'er the snow she shed her silvery light;
The snow birds shivered in the willows bare,
And all the plain was wrapped in wintry air.

As dawn was breaking o'er the prairie wild,
A whisper came, a whisper soft and mild,
That, from the great Pacific, far away,
A Chinook warm was stealing on its way.

The sun rose up to meet the welcome guest,
Though not a stranger in our golden West;
The snow birds sang upon the willows bare,
And all the plain it lost its wintry air.

The Chinook rushed across the river dark and
deep;
It shook the pine trees on the slippery steep;
It roared o'er chasms deep and coulees wide,
And rushed on along the mountain-side.

Oh, great and mighty Chinook of the West,
Which melts the snow from off the mountain
crest!

Which makes our little snow birds gladly sing.
And turns our North-West winter into Spring!

MY PRAIRIE FLOWER.

LITHE as a reed that the wind doth blow,
And graceful in form was she;
Her eyes that shone like the stars of night
When she lifted them up to me.
A face like the rose in summer-time,
Fresh from a summer's shower;
Do you wonder that I loved her,
My own little Prairie Flower?

Her soft hair blows around her face
In a wild and reckless way,
And when she laughs she is joyous,
Just like a child at play.
Her dark eyes sparkle with childish glee,
And yet they are full of power;
Do you wonder that I loved her,
My own little Prairie Flower?

The horses and cattle know her,
Out on the prairie far;
She talks to them in a wild, strange way,
And sings to the evening star.
She calls to the birds at twilight,
In the misty evening hour;
Do you wonder that I loved her,
My own little Prairie Flower?

We stood by the river at evening,
When the mists crept in from the plain,
And I told her I'd love her forever,
And kissed her again and again.
She wound her soft arms around me;
She was mine for one short hour,
And then I lost her forever;
My own little Prairie Flower.

The mists have filled the valley,
And all the plain is gloom,
For up by the yonder hillside
Lies my darling's snow-white tomb;
And my heart is lonely and broken,
And lies in that leafy bower
Up by the yonder hillside grave
With my little Prairie Flower.

LITTLE JOE

JUST a little ranch shack
By the river's brink,
Trees all growing round it—
Let me stop and think—
Standing in the doorway
Was a halfbreed child;
Only four was little Joe;
Clean, though dark and wild.

Three days I had been alone,
Not a voice to hear,
Lonely, lonely, lonely,
Only cattle near,
When the little voice came
Through the open door—
From the halfbreed camp had strayed,
Just a child of four.

"Missus, you be lonely?
Joe has come to stay
Wid you, missus, always,
When de man's away;"
And a bunch of roses,
Sweet, and fresh, and wild,
He held out towards me—
Just a halfbreed child.

For hours he would stay there,
No matter where I'd go,
Always close beside me
Was faithful little Joe.
And his eyes would sparkle
With such childish glee,
When we'd play together,
The dog, the kid and me.

All that summer Joe stayed,
Faithful, patient, true;
And still I hear his voice say,
"Missus, I love you."
Just a little halfbreed kid,
Clean, though dark and wild,
And for days I'd see no other
But the halfbreed child.

But one day a rider came;
I asked for little Joe.
He looked up at me quickly:
"Say! I thought you'd know!
Why, he died last summer——"
But I heard no more,
As I drifted quickly
Through the open door.

Years have passed away since then;
Faces fair and sweet
Now are all around me,
And loved ones oft I meet.
But out in the shadows
Of those cut-banks wild,
Ever comes a vision
Of that little faithful child.

THE OUTLAW.

JUST a cowboy outlaw, hunted like a thief,
Came he to my ranch door, asking for relief.
How well I remember on a summer's day,
Just a cowboy outlaw I could give away.

Just a cowboy outlaw with a boyish face,
Dark eyes flashing fearlessly, and such reckless
grace;
Asking me for shelter, but I knew just then,
Up the river yonder were six mounted men.

They would soon be back again and would surely
find
Just the man they were after and had left behind.
Then he laughed a reckless laugh, and, drawling
out, says, " Say,
Guess you're like the rest up here, would give a
boy away."

"Tell me first," I answered, "oh, tell me if it's true,

The most awful thing of all that they say of you.
Tell me if you've killed a man, tell me if it's true,
If you have, then go at once; I never will shield
you."

Then his eyes flashed on me, looked me straight
and true:

"No, my God, I never did! I'll swear it now to
you.

Do they say that of me? Well, it is a lie!
Let the red-coats come right here. I'm not afraid
to die."

Just a cowboy outlaw, but I asked no more
Than the oath he swore me by that old ranch door.
Turning away from him, food I quickly found,
And, calling him to follow along the stony ground,
"By the river bend," I said, "just one mile away,
There's a cave I know of where you've got to
stay."

Then I said good-bye to him, and left him all alone,
For I knew that I must not be found away from
home.

But I see that outlaw as I saw him then,
Weary, sad and lonely, hunted down by men.

Lying in the coulees, in the damp of night;
Starting from his slumber, looking round in
fright;
Stranded on the prairie, not a horse to ride;
Eighty miles to go on foot to the "Other Side."

And then his broken words of thanks, when he
said "Good-bye;"

Thanking me for what I'd done when yet the boy
might die.

No one near to help him, I left him all alone,
Just standing in the doorway of the cut-bank
home.

Hunted down by red-coats; did it seem quite
right?

Six to one, and he on foot, was not a stand-up
fight.

How well I remember on that summer day,
Six to one, and then for me to give the boy away.

Back again at the ranch house three mounted
men I found,

Searching through the buildings, looking all
around

For the cowboy outlaw. "He'll surely hang,"
said they.

I thanked God that lonely boy was safe one mile
away.

Hunted down by red-coats like a common thief,
Came he to my ranch door asking for relief.

Did I wrong to help him? "Yes," the law would
say;

God alone shall be my judge upon the round-up
day.

Then the strays and outlaws will all be rounded
in
With the bunch that's branded, who think they've
got no sin;
God alone will cut them out, on that round-up day,
But I think that, after all, He'll just leave in that
stray.

These were just the ones He loved best of all, we
know;
And whom He suffered most for in this world
below.
Will He let these stray ones go, that He loved so
well?
Did He die to send them to everlasting hell?

No! oh, no! He'll save them in His own grand
way;
He will hold the outlaw, and will brand the stray
At that last great round-up, where we all must
stand,
Waiting for our Master. We don't know His
brand.

HAPPY DAYS

THE bells in the town are ringing,
 'Tis Christmas time, we know;
But not a sound of the bells we hear
 Out across the shifting snow.
Across the wind-swept prairie,
 Where the wild chinook winds blow.

'Tis Christmas night, and we're far away
 From all we love and know,
But faces are bright, and hearts are light;
 Outside is the drifting snow.
And we talk, and laugh, and sing with joy,
 Out where the chinooks blow.

It's Christmas night, and they drink a toast
 To the loved one, far away;
One to the boys from the sunny South,
 And one for the old range ways;
But the one we all love best of all
 When they call out "Happy Days."

'Tis Christmas night on the old wild range,
And the Northern Lights aglow,
Dance o'er the grim grey cut-banks,
And down on the drifting snow.
And the coyote sneaks by the frozen creeks,
And the wolf calls long and low,
But the toast on the range is "Happy Days,"
Far out where the riders go.

TURNED LOOSE.

THE wild birds are singing in the willows by
the hills,
And the horses' hoofs are ringing on the plain;
The range calves are calling to their mothers by
the creeks,
And the cows are answering back to them
again.

We left the town behind us in the cut-banks far
below,
Where for months we had been tied to city life.
We've pulled the halters off us, and turned us
loose for home,
Far away from all the city's care and strife.

The waters sparkle in the creeks, the river's run-
ning high;
Above the sky is shining brightest blue;
The flowers are all in blossom, the trees are all
in leaf,
And all the sounds of Nature's calling you.

Yes, she's calling you across the hills, where the
blue-joint's springing green,
And the range where you're located comes in
view,
And the air is strong and sweet, and your life it
seems complete,
When you answer to the things that're calling
you.

MY RANCH HOME.

BEFORE I went away I thought all trails were
golden,
That led beyond the trails that I could see,
But now I find the old familiar highways
Around my home are fairer now to me.

Before I went away I thought the birds were
singing
A sweeter note above some distant shore,
And then I missed the meadow-lark at morning,
Its clear wild note beyond the old ranch door.

Before I went away I thought the flowers were
blooming
Far sweeter, fairer, in some distant clime;
When I came home I found them all around me—
And they were mine.

Before I went away I thought the world was full
of laughter,

I'd leave behind the heavy weight of years;
And then I found beyond those distant mountains
Such woe and tears.

Before I went away I didn't miss you,

I didn't know our lives were meant to be
Held by such golden chains that bound me to you,
Our life-long memory.





THE BRONCHO BUSTER

THE BRONCHO BUSTER

HE came up from old Mexico.
 I couldn't rightly say
 What was his nationality,
 But I'll tell the tale this way:
 I think he was half Spaniard;
 And he spoke the language swell;
 Black was his hair and curly,
 And black were his eyes as well.

His face was tanned by Southern suns;
 His features fine and neat;
 His build was strong and supple—
 You bet he looked a treat!
 But what's a man to look at
 If he's only there for show?
 A man must do a few things well,
 And then he must not blow.

And Dick could handle horses well,
 He hadn't any fear;
 And that's the only kind of man
 A range horse will let near.
 For I've seen them strike at others,
 Because they were afraid.
 A horse can size a man up fast,
 And show you how he's made.

I've seen Dick throw and tie them down,
 And cinch the saddle tight
 In three short minutes—all the time
 The horse was on the fight—
 And then he'd slip the rope off,
 The horse was free to go;
 But Dick was in the saddle—
 With the horse a-rearing so.

And he'd ride him to a finish,
 Though he'd buck, and twist, and squeal,
 And plunge around in circles,
 Just enough to make you reel.
 But Dick was in the saddle,
 And he sure was there to stay,
 And you'd hear him laughing all the time
 In a wild and reckless way.

I've seen him busting three or four,
Inside two hours or so—
Range horses that had never had
A saddle on, I know.
And never have I seen him piled.
I'd hate to see the day,
That Dick lay piled upon the ground,
And let his horse away.

For I've got a great respect for Dick,
Just like the horses had.
It only takes a coward round
To make a horse real bad
They've got to show their feelings;
It's only right and true,
That a horse won't have a coward round
To show him what to do.

And he was gentle with them;
They'd get to like him so,
They'd follow him around
The old corrals, you know.
He'd talk so softly to them,
And look down into their eyes;
Call them his own honies,
And they didn't seem surprised.

We'll take our hats off to him, boys,
For he's the only kind
Range horses have respect for—
Just surely bound to mind.
That kind is gentle with them;
And they keep their temper so;
They haven't got a bit of fear,
And you never hear them blow.

HONEY.

WON'T you meet me by the river, my own
Honey?

For across the old range I will ride tonight,
And I'll wait by the big bend of the river,
When the prairie moon is shining soft and
bright;
The blue-birds will be sleeping in the willows,
And they'll not hear what I have to say.
I want you, oh, my Honey, how I want you
In my little lonely ranch so far away!

I'm tired of living all alone, my Honey,
And the only girl I ever loved is you,
So meet me by the river, my own Honey,
And to my prairie girl I will be true.
Your rider he is waiting by the river,
And you must hear what he has got to say,
For he has ridden ninety miles across the range
From his little lonely ranch so far away.

So when the prairie moon is shining brightly,
And all the stars are sparkling up above,
Then meet me by the river, my own Honey,
And let your rider teach you how to love.

The blue-birds are sleeping in the willows,
So they'll not hear what I have got to say.
I want you, my Honey, how I want you
In my lonely little ranch so far away!

You remember where I met you first, my Honey,
By the big bend?—I'll be waiting there tonight;
You were rounding up some range stock by the
river,

And you asked me if I'd cinch your saddle tight.
Then I helped you gather up the old stray stock.
And you might have thought I hadn't much to
say;

But ever since I've wanted you, my Honey,
In my lonely little ranch so far away!

So meet me by the river, my own Honey,
And to my prairie girl I will be true,
When every other feeling's dead within me.
I know I'll have a feeling there for you.
Your rider, he will love you, dear, for ever.

If the whole wide world were standing in my
way,
I would take you, my own Honey, I would take
you
To my little lonely ranch so far away.

THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

WINDS blow high, winds blow low,
As o'er the mountain's steep you go;
The slippery paths where the wild deer leap,
And the eagle soars o'er its rugged steep.

Up the mountains at break of day
A hunter toils his lonely way,
Swift as the deer which before him spring,
And light as the wild bird on the wing.

The deer spring from their rocky bed,
The mountain lion doth lightly tread;
The birds fly off in the wild retreat,
When they hear the noise of the hunter's feet.

Down in the valley so far away,
When the morning mists hang cold and grey,
A log shack stands by the river side—
It is the home of the hunter's bride.

She stands by the door—so sweet and fair—
The mist clings to her golden hair.
Her eyes are turned to the mountain side,
And her heart is sad for a hunter's bride.

The sun will set with the close of day,
And the wind will drive the mists away,
But the hunter has slipped on the mountain side,
And all alone waits the hunter's bride.

She watches long, but he comes no more
Back to the old log shanty door.
He lies alone on the mountain steep,
And, alone, his bride is left to weep.

Far away on old England's shore,
She looks back on the year before
When she lived by the mountain side,
And she was once a hunter's bride.

She clasps his child close to her breast,
"Sleep, my little one, sleep and rest;
Some day we will meet and part no more,
And I'll be his bride as I was before."

LISTEN TO THE COYOTES.

HEAR the coyotes howling
 Out in coulees dark.
Shrilly through the stillness
 Comes the coyote's bark.

Dark does seem the river,
 And wild, indeed, the night,
And all the hills around us
 Are fading from our sight.

Down through pathless coulees,
 Looking for her prey,
The old coyote's stealing,
 Looking old and grey.

Up by yonder cut-bank,
 Over coulees deep,
All her little coyotes
 Now are fast asleep.

Now she stops and listens,
With a wild, weird cry,
Tells the other coyotes
Some range calf must die.

Out upon the prairie,
And at peaceful rest,
Lie a bunch of cattle,
Range stock of the best.

Right within the centre
Are the calves asleep,
And the cows surround them,
As their watch they keep.

The old coyote's coming,
But you need not fear;
When she sees the outer circle,
She won't come too near.

Fifty pairs of shining horns
In the misty light;
Fifty noses sniff the air,
In that dreary night.

Back through pathless coulees,
Wandering all alone,
Hungry, hungry, hungry,
Nothing to bring home.

But right in her pathway,
In a gully deep,
Lies a poor dead "doggie"
In a broken heap.

Listen to the coyotes,
Out in coulees dark;
Shrilly through the stillness
Comes the coyote's bark.

THE MOTHERLESS CALF.

ONLY a day! You poor little calf,
With the brown and glossy head!
Only a day on the old rough ranch,
And your dear old mother dead.

We put you up close beside her,
And though she was weak and sick,
She lifted her head to her little one,
And gave you a loving lick.

We put you away in the old cow's stall;
And we made you warm and dry;
We gave you milk of the best to drink,
But we could not stop your cry.

The little motherless heifer,
Out in the old rough shed,
Is the pick of the bunch with my pard and I
Because her mother is dead.

THE WOOD BY THE SASKATCHEWAN.

I CAME, when the dawn was breaking,
 To a wood by the river side,
I rode from the far-off ranges
 Where the prairie stretches wide.
Looking for stock that had wandered;
 Thinking they might have strayed
Down to the wood by the river,
 So straight for the wood I made.

I stayed in the wood by the river,
 The sun rose high on the plain,
And a voice from the range was calling
 Me back to my work again.
I forgot for a time my duty,
 For the place held joys for me,
And the peace I found by the river
 Set my weary spirit free.

The wild doves coo'd in the willows;
And no music is half so sweet
As the note of the wild dove cooing
To his mate in that wild retreat.
The song of a thousand wild birds,
As they flitted from tree to tree,
Made joyous that wood by the river,
And its charm hung over me.

The great brown cut-bank towering
Well over three hundred feet,
To shelter the wood from the North-wind
That the spot might be complete.
The river had wound around it,
And drawn in its close embrace.
I loved the wood by the river,
And the beauty of that place.

When the sun was hot in the heavens,
I rode back out on the plain,
For the voice of duty was calling me
Back to my work again.
But the peace I found by the river,
It followed me all that day.
I've got to locate by that river
So the peace of that place will stay.

OUR LAST RIDE.

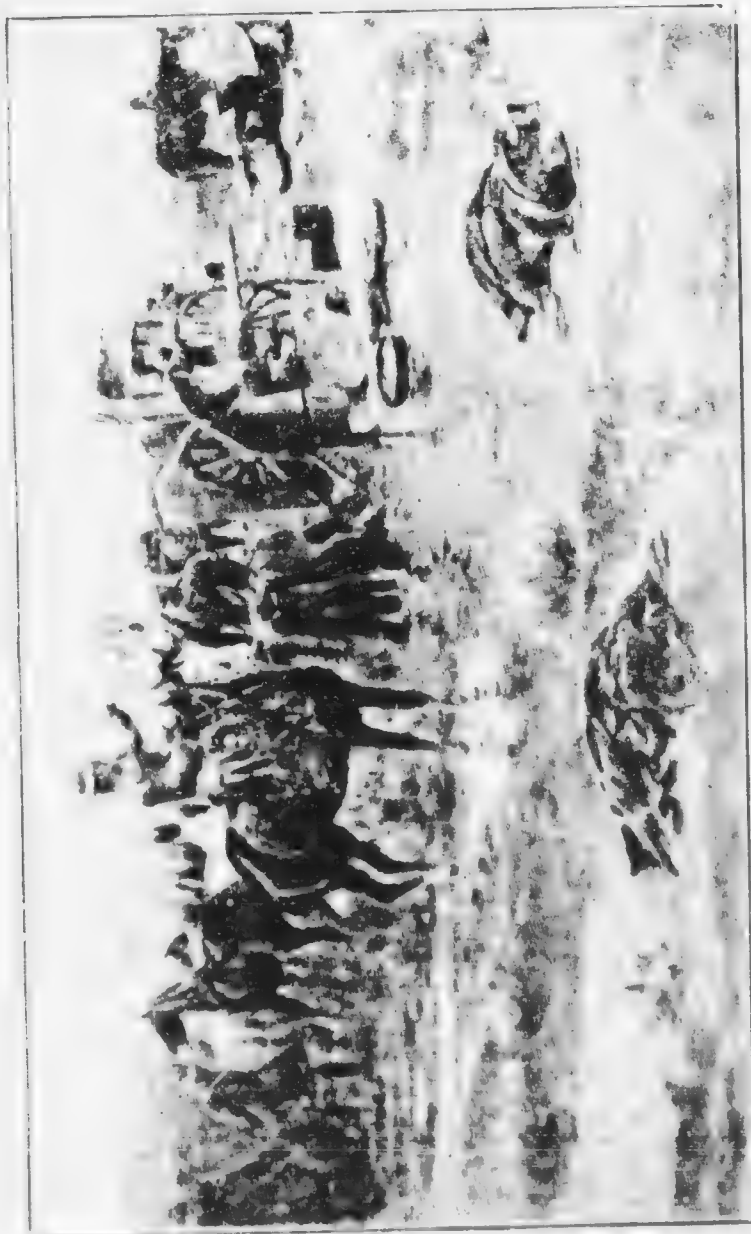
WE drifted out West together,
In the light of the dying day;
The town faded far behind us,
Bath'd in its gas-light ray.
The smell of the rain-swept prairie
Blew up to us strong and sweet,
And all the music we needed
Was the ring of the unshod feet.

We thought of the days that were over,
We thought of days that would be,
We thought of the present in silence,
When you'd say good-bye to me.
I see your face in the shadows,
Just as I did that night,
Though it's years since we drifted together
Out in that fading light.

The smell of the silver sage brush,
The moan of the Western wind
As it blew around our faces,
It all comes back to my mind.
We said good-bye and we parted—
And your trail new-cut and strange—
Drifting apart to meet no more—
Our last old ride on the range.

Yet I never see a sunset,
But that ride comes back to me.
In the wave of the silver sage brush
Once more your face I see.
The South wind calls me to you,
So warm, and strong, and sweet,
And your voice is still with me, tender and true,
In the music of unshod feet.





THE RANGE CAMP

THE RANGE CALL.

I'M lonely tonight for the old range,
And the voices I loved to hear;
Though the band in the town is playing,
The music comes soft to my ear.
There's only the river between us,
The town in the flat shows bright,
But I'm lonely, lonely, lonely,
For my old range home tonight.

I'm lonely tonight for the old friends;
For new friends can never be
Just what those dear old range friends
Have been in the past to me.
But I hear their voices calling,
And the band has ceased to play,
And my heart has gone out from the gas-lit town
To the wild range far away.

If ever you hear the range call,
The voice that speaks soft and sweet;
That wins you back to the prairie,
Away from the gas-lit street;
If once you hear her calling,
You sure then have got to go,
For the old range is waiting for you,
And you've got to love her so.

CANADA, HER FIRSTBORN.

MEN of her far-flung Empire,
With you they would have me speak.
In the voice of the mother country,
The homeland across the deep.
Hark! she's looking towards you,
Her firstborn, her eldest son;
Looking for you to help her;
Yea, and it must be done.

Bone of her bone and sinew,
Flesh of her flesh are we,
Though thousands of miles of ocean
Roll between her and me.
Yet she is still our mother,
Guarding us here with care,
Ready to fight our battles.
I ask you, men, if it's fair?

To take all that she has given,
And never to help her now,
With the weight of trouble upon her,
And lines of care on her brow?
The mother that stood beside us,
And bore the test of years,
Guarding and watching o'er us,
Wiping away our tears.

Proud when we succeeded,
Helping us all she could.
Men of her far-flung Empire,
It's time we made it good.
Younger sons have helped her,
And far less able than we.
Now is the time she needs you,
Her firstborn from over the sea.

Quietly, nobly and grandly,
She's given her life's blood away
To guard us from future dangers,
And never asked us to pay.

Though bone of her bone and sinew,
Flesh of her flesh are we,
Yet thousands of miles of ocean
Roll between her and me.
Now is the time to help her,
With the weight of care on her brow,
Men of her glorious Empire,
Stand by and help her now.

[NOTE.—Great Britain is competing with foreign Powers to maintain her supremacy of the sea. She looks to Canada, her firstborn, for help to strengthen her fleet.]

ALBERTA'S ANSWER TO "THE LAW OF
THE YUKON."

THE sun as it rises in splendor,
And sets in a halo of gold,
Over the Western ranges,
Sees some of her greatness unfold.
The land with its wheatfields all golden;
Its thousands of homes on the plain;
Its valleys all teeming with people—
And still we are calling again.

Calling again to the thousands,
And still there is room for them all;
The strong, and the weak, and the suffering,
And we'll see that none of them fall.
Each is treated with fairness,
And everyone here has a show;
We don't take the life from their body,
And then write about them and blow.

We've taken the ones you have ruined,
The frozen, the maimed, the untrue;
We've turned them loose on our ranges,
And now they are stronger than you.
We've taken the drunkards and gamblers,
We've taught them the law of the place;
We've lifted them right from the depth of despair,
And now we are proud of our race.

We've taken the weak and the suffering,
We've tended them till they were well,
And now they are making a living—
The ones you were sending to hell.
We've remembered the trust of our country;
Remembered the law of our land;
But you who froze the blood in their veins,
Why—you couldn't understand.

We have with us the ones you have broken,
And the very worst ones in our pay
Have a home on the rolling prairie;
A home and three square meals a day.
For the mother country trusts us,
And sends them into our care.
How could we look her in the face,
If we didn't treat them square?

She sends us her strong and her noble;
She sends us her brave and her true;
We thank God for her great ones,
But there's room for her weak ones, too,
That they may grow strong on our prairie;
That they may be men of our land.
But you who froze the blood in their veins,
Why—you couldn't understand.

You froze them and drove them to madness,
And now you are writing to tell
Of the men that you turned into devils,
The bunch you are sending to hell.
You don't hear the mother country
Weeping, ah, weeping, God knows,
For the sons that she lost in the wilds out there,
That froze on your blood-stained snows.

You heard not the law of your Maker,
The trust that He gave to your care.
How will you answer your Maker,
When He asks you to make it square?
When He asks you to give Him back again
The souls you have cast away,
And the dead rise to condemn you
On the last great Judgment Day?

NATURE'S PRAYER.

LONG months have past, and still there is no
rain,

So brown and dry does seem the far-off plain;
The willows hang with dry and withered leaves,
And dull and listless seem the cotton trees.

The seeds lie dead beneath the sunburnt ground;
The year is late, and still no growth they've
found;

And weary hands have toiled to sow that grain,
And wait with patience for the coming rain.

The creeks and springs are now all dry,
And on the plain you hear the range stock cry.
They travel onward to the watering ground,
And when they reach it no water there is found.

Hear, God! oh, hear! It is Nature's prayer
That lifts itself above the dry, hot air;
The calling of the range stock on the plain;
The neighing of the horses for the rain;
The wilted trees; the prairie flowers that die;
The birds that call with that sweet, plaintive cry.

Stretch out Thy hand; unlock the drifting cloud,
And speak to Nature with Thy thunder loud.
She knows Thy voice, and she is not afraid,
For well she knows that Thou hast all things
 made,
Hear, God! oh, hear! and answer Nature's prayer,
That calls to Thee above the dry, hot air.

COME TO ME AT SUNSET.

COME to me at sunset,
When the shadows fall;
Just in that twilight hour
I miss you most of all.
Come to me, my darling,
When your work is done;
And the hills are turned to gold
By the setting sun.

All day long I miss you,
But I must be true,
For I know that every man
Has his work to do.
But when day is over,
Then I love you best;
When the sunset brings you home,
Back to love and rest.

When I look across the years,
And I have waited so;
Always went to meet you
By the old corrals, you know;
And I see you riding
Down the old hillside,
And the cowboy whoop you'd send
I'd hear it far and wide.

Come to me at sunset,
For I love you best
When the day is over,
And the world's at rest.
Then I'm waiting for you—
How dark this world would be,
If the one I waited for
Did not come to me!

But I know you're coming,
Out across the years;
Not a twinge of trouble
Stirs my heart with fears.
For I know you love me,
Oh, just as I love you,
And I'll never break away
From love that's bound us two.

THE RIDER THAT NEVER "MADE GOOD."

YOU look at the men that are lucky,
 You tell me they're fated to be,
 You say that they got all the chances;
 There's none left for you or for me.
 That's why we grope in the darkness,
 That's why we stumble and fall;
 But I tell you the great God above us
 Has given such chances to all.

Have you wasted the years of your manhood?
 Have you squandered the days of your youth?
 And now you are talking of chances,
 And we know you're not telling the truth.
 Have you idled when other men labored?
 Yes, they toiled when the sun set low;
 By the sweat of their brow they've "made
 good,"
 And you tell us 'twas luck made them so.

Have you stood in the storm at its fiercest?
Not a foot of the way could you make;
But you're holding your cattle from drifting,—
Yes, these are the chances you take.
With the snow hissing past like a rattler,
And the prairie a whirling, white hell,
And you're freezing, and cussing, and praying.
But the bunch they are standing it well.

And when you get back to the ranch house,
You swear you'll do it no more;
But the next storm that hits the prairie,
You'll be out where you were before.
For a man is a man at all times,
And in trouble a man's at his best;
For when adversity hits him
It puts his strength to the test.

Did you ride to your horses at midnight,
When the world all lay asleep,
And the wolves they were running the yearlings
Away in the coulees deep?
Did you go in the night to guard them,
For you tell me you lost them so?
I guess you slept on in the bunk-house,
And just let the yearlings go.

And now you're talking of chances;
But we haven't time to wait
To listen to lame excuses
Of the man who is up against fate.
For a man is a man at all times.
And I know that we like him best
When he's fighting the storm at its fiercest,
And putting his strength to the test.

ALONE.

I STAND alone. The storms around me sweep,
The darkness gathers fast.
I hear the mighty roar of torrents on the steep
Across the mountain pass.
Alone! Alone! No one to hold my hand;
Alone, alone I stand!

The cold wind sweeps across my face.
The dawn breaks wild.
I tremble in my loneliness
Like some lost child.
Alone! Alone, some time we each must be,
Before we reach that great eternity.

THEY KEEP A-STEALING ON YOU IN THE
NIGHT.

WHEN you think you have forgotten,
And have lived the feelings down
And have shoved the best that's in you out of
sight;
You don't trouble in the daytime,
When you're busy up in town,
But they keep a-stealing on you in the night.

They keep a-stealing on you
When the world has gone to rest,
And bring the past before you bright as day;
You can hear the horses neighing,
You can hear the riders whoop,
In the valley by the river far away.

You don't see them in the daytime,
In the city's noise and din;
But when Night hangs her curtain from the sky

They keep a-stealing on you,
 Those dear, familiar scenes,
 And you know you'll not forget them till you die.

And your old top-horse is standing
 With his saddle by the door,
 And he whinnies when you're coming into sight;
 'Tis years since last you saw him,
 You don't think of him in town,
 But he keeps a-stealing on you in the night.

And your honey, she is riding
 By the river all alone,
 And some way it doesn't seem quite right;
 For you're hustling, hustling, hustling.
 Making money up in town,
 But your baby's face it breaks your heart at night.

When you think you have forgotten,
 And have lived the feelings down,
 And have shoved the best that's in you out of
 sight,
 Just get a horse and saddle,
 And drift out from the town,
 To the thoughts that steal upon you in the night.

THE COW-GIRL.

OUT on the wild range, riding
To the music of drifting feet;
As we lope o'er the sunburned prairie,
I and the cow-girl meet.
The sun in the West is setting,
And shoots out its golden beams;
One falls on the face of the rider,
The cow-girl of my dreams.

She's as lithe as the supple willows
That grow by the bed of the streams;
Her hair like the golden sunbeam
That falls on the girl of my dreams.
Her eyes are as dark as the shadows
That creep down the canyon wide;
With a look like a half-broke broncho,
Half fearful, yet trusting beside.

Her face like the roses in summer
That grow in the coulees deep;
Her lips like the scarlet sand-flower
That blossoms in cut-banks steep.
She's as fair as a summer morning;
As pure as the prairie air;
She's as wild as the silver sage brush
That grows by the grey wolf's lair.

The sky in the West has darkened
As home to the camp we ride,
And I lope o'er the shadowed prairie
With the cow-girl by my side.
We laugh and we talk together,
To the music of drifting feet,
As we lope o'er the sunburned prairie,
Where I and the cow-girl meet.

ONLY A KISS

ONLY a kiss, a mother's kiss,
So sacred, and pure, and true.
The world would laugh
If you tried to tell
What wonders a kiss would do;
It would bring you back from the path of hell,
That mother's kiss to you.

Down in the depths of black despair,
When the heart is lonely and sad.
Only a kiss from a loving friend,
And your heart again grows glad.
But that friend was true,
And she gave to you
All the proof that she had.

Only a kiss from a stranger,
A careless but loving kiss,
And the orphan's face
Lit up with smiles,
And almost heavenly bliss.
The stranger gave
To that lonely child
What she would never miss.

Only a kiss, a farewell kiss,
And his brow is dark with pain.
Tears fall from her lovely eyes;
They may never meet again,
If on the battlefield
He should fall,
That last sweet kiss
Would seem dearer than all.

Only a kiss on a fair wife's face
From a husband strong and true,
And all she had suffered was quite forgot,
And she said, "I would die for you."
But a kiss is the bond of earthly love—
Yet it links us close with the throne above.

VOICES FROM THE RANGE.

THERE'S an old ranch by the river,
 Out far across the plain,
Where no city dust blows o'er it,
 By cut-banks washed by rain;
By the big bend of the river,
 Where the soft winds whisper low,
And the doves coo in the poplar trees,
 And the wild clematis grow.

The meadow larks they sing at dawn,
 As the river ripples by,
And out beyond the cut-banks
 You can hear the range stock cry;
And the neighing of the horses;
 Oh, it all sounds sweet to me,
On the old ranch by the river,
 Oh, it's there that I would be.

Then the wolf hunts o'er the prairie;
And when all the boys drift in,
We all play cards together—
In town you would call it sin—
Where the stranger is always welcome,
It's there that I would be,
On the old ranch by the river,
Where life is sweet and free.

You can have your city life for me;
And your noisy, dusty town,
Where the gas lights shine all through the day,
And the men they don't tan brown.
But it's hustle, hustle, hustle,
And no one there seems free.
But the old range voices call me back,
It's there that I would be.

THE HARD WINTER.

WE knew we were up against it,
For the snow on the hills lay deep;
It drifted into the coulees,
And most of the drifts ten feet.

'Twas a poor layout for range stock,
And most of them looked a sight;
For four long months they had fought it,
And put up a desp'rate fight,

Living on tops of old sage brush,
And willows that cut like knives,
The grass being crusted over,
The grass that now meant their lives.

They went staggering out at daybreak,
All starving and weak and cold;
Big steers gaunt and wild-eyed,
And calves looking sick and old.

They were all straying on together,
With dumb despair in their eye.
God! how it hurt to see them—
To see them suffer and die!

That winter was long and cruel.
They put up a desp'rate fight.
Now they were dying by hundreds,
Dying, it didn't seem right.

We had waited long for the Chinook,
But she'd forgotten the way
Over the old range hilltops,
Where the pups of the grey wolf play.

Four long months she'd forgot us,
And she blew in some other land.
The snow lay deep on the ranges.
It was more than the stock could stand.

Their legs were sore and bleeding
With crust from the frozen snow,
For the South Wind had forgot us.
God! why didn't she blow?

But that winter she sure was cruel,
She made us get up and fight.
She hit harder than we could stand,
And cinched on the snow too tight.

God! how we bucked and fought her,
Just thinking that we might win!
But the cattle died by hundreds,
For that North Wind froze like sin.

The riders down in the bunk-house,
They tried to forget the sight
Of seeing the starving range stock
Pass by on a winter's night.

Pass by on a winter's evening;
They moaned like a man in pain.
Hundreds strung out together,
Like cars on a long freight train.

Now and again one would fall
Down in the snowbeaten track;
Desp'rate and weary the others moved on.
They never stopped to look back.

The riders tried to forget it,
 Playing draw poker at night,
And telling each other stories,
 But not a word of the fight.

The struggle that each day brought them,
 And the dead stock lying round,
The hay that was short for the sick ones,
 The crust on the frozen ground.

And the ranchers they banked that winter
 Their stock in the coulees deep,
And their notes in the local banks in town
 At ten per cent., which is steep.

And their riders fought to save them,
 But when the winter was done,
Was a poor show-down for the rancher,
 And mighty little fun.

Was a poor show-down for the range stock,
 And the riders that had to fight,
But you may give in to a winter,
 When she cinches her saddle tight.

THE RIDER'S PARADISE.

A RIDER lay in the bunk-house.
He was dolgone tired that night,
And he dreamt of another region,
A land that was out of sight.

He was tired of the cold, hard winter,
The dead stock lying around,
And tired of tending the sick ones,
And he cussed the frozen ground.

The others were playing draw poker.
He felt too weary to play;
For ten long hours he'd ridden
Out in the cold that day.

The cowboys they dealt and shuffled,
And let the "Joker" run wild,
But it didn't disturb the rider,
For he slept on like a child.

And up on the old top bunk bed
His thoughts had passed away,
And he found himself in Paradise,
And he thinks it so this day

Yet he didn't hear Angels singing,
Or hear the harps of gold,
Or see the streets all shining,
Like stories he had been told.

But instead he saw a valley
Beautifully fresh and green
And a river running through it,
The grandest he ever had seen.

The sun shone down in that valley,
Making it wondrous fair,
And the songs of a thousand wild birds
With music had filled the air.

He went and sat by a bunk-house,
The swellest he ever had seen.
He said it was got up squand'rous,
And everything beautifully clean.

He sat for a long time thinking,
And thinking it wondrous strange,
After all those years of riding
He couldn't locate this range.

Then he heard a long, soft whinny
That he hadn't heard for years;
He was on his feet in a moment,
And his eyes were filled with tears.

For there stood his dear old top-horse
He had lost three years ago,
And he put his arms around his neck
And called him his Navaho.

And the horse he knew his rider,
For his eyes were soft and mild;
For a rider talks to his top-horse
Like a mother talks to her child.

And he looked across the valley,
He saw his cattle stray in,
All fat and sleek and shining,
Not one of them sick or thin.

The calves ran alongside their mothers,
And then went playing around,
And the rider seemed well contented
When he thought of the frozen ground.

Then the rider knew it was Paradise,
For that range was wondrous fair,
And the rider thought of his Maker,
But he'd never been taught a prayer.

Yet the rider spoke to his Maker,
And asked Him to let him stay;
He said he was tired of the frozen snow,
He was sorry he'd cuss'd that day.

He didn't think heaven was made for him,
For he'd have to leave Navaho;
And now he'd got his top-horse back
He would hate for to let him go.

"And I never did like a crowd, Lord,
For I'm used to the lonely range;
And I can't sing a note of music,
So in heaven they'd think me strange.

"So leave me, Lord, in this Paradise,
And come at the cool of day,
And talk to a lonely rider
And teach him how to pray."

THE WOLF-DOG *

I HAVE ridden in the daytime,
I have ridden in the night,
In darkness when my horse's head
Was hidden from my sight;
But I found that in the darkness
There was nothing there to fear,
But the one thing I'm afraid of—
When the wolf-dog's coming near.

I've run the wolves out from the bunch
At early break of day.
I've come alone in evening time
Along a lonely way.
I almost touched them as I passed,
And yet I did not fear,
For they would never hurt me
If the wolf-dog wasn't near.

* A rancher's hound raised in a wolf's den

I have stayed out with the bunch for hours,
It was on a New Year's night.
The wolves were killing bad that year,
And the wolf tracks were a sight;
But my gun was on my saddle,
And I knew I need not fear;
But you bet your life I'm scared
When the wolf-dog's coming near.

I got lost that night with the bunch,
So thought I'd have to stay
Out upon the prairie wild
Until the break of day.
I could not leave the bunch alone,
For the wolves I now could hear,
So I waited for the moon to rise,
And the wolf-dog coming near.

I got back to the ranch house late,
With the horses safe and sound;
You could hear their hoofs a-ringing
Upon the frozen ground.
I spent that New Year's night alone,
And I hadn't any fear;
But oh, it's just another thing
When the wolf-dog's coming near.

He is larger than any wolf
I ever yet have seen;
He's built so strong and grand,
His legs cut fine and clean,
At evening time he howls
Like the other wolves you hear,
And the horses bunch and tremble
When the wolf-dog's coming near.

He was raised among the wolves, you know.
The wolf den is his home;
And down among the Bad Lands
That wolf-dog loves to roam.
He runs the bunch at midnight,
And the horses squeal with fear,
But you bet there's something doing
When the wolf-dog's getting near.

VISIONS.

I SIT beside my firelight in the gloom,
The shadows darken in the dim old room,
I see your face a'midst the flashing flame
And kneeling, softly call again your name.

You come again just as you did before;
I hear your footsteps on the oaken floor.
The years have slipped away and you are here,
Belov'd of my soul, thou art so near!

I raise my hand and touch thy dear loved face
You're sitting in the old familiar place,
Your arms are 'round me and I hear you say,
"Love of my life, I could not stay away."

The buttons on your khaki coat shine bright;
They gleam like diamonds in the flashing light.
Not out in France you lie. No, you are here,
Oh, they were telling me some stories, dear.

They told me you were killed in action, too;
You gave your life to save the men with you,
And strong men knelt beside you when you died
And some of them like little children cried.

O God, O God, how can I live and see
The vision of my dear love come to me?
He is not here, but out in France he lies;
A soldier true, beneath the sunny skies.

A little shining cross for you and me,
Until we meet him in eternity;
And memories sweet because he went away,
We couldn't hold him back or bid him stay.

For him a victory won, a glorious rest
With all our hero soldiers that are bless'd,
For you and me a little shining cross
To help us bear our loneliness and loss.

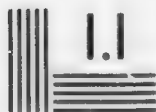
But out beyond that cross for you and me,
Oh, what a glorious meeting there will be
For him that left us here and went away,
For you and me that wouldn't bid him stay.

(In Memory of All Our Fallen Heroes)



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc.

EVERY DAY.

IT'S not the glorious mountain in the distance
far away—

You cannot see it's beauty in your home life every
day—

It's the little homely range of hills that you and I
can see,

With flow'rs all growing o'er them, that is dear
to you and me.

It's not the mighty rivers that we read about and
hear,

With their rapids and their waterfalls that to you
and me are dear,

It's the little winding river flowing gently round
our home,

Where the children play at even and the cattle
love to roam.

It's not the dusty highway where the motors
throb and roar,
But the little road that leads to home, right to
your very door;
You can see the lights all bright within, no great
highway can be
A half so dear and precious as that road to you
and me.

It's not the crowd of friends you have when life
is fair and bright,
It's the few that come when troubles come out
through the darkest night;
You can feel them standing by you and this life
can never give
A greater blessing to you as long as you do live.

It's not the tragic love scenes that the silver
screen unfolds
That awakens all the love in you and all your
dreams untold;
It's the little every day scenes that are so sweet
and true
With your loved ones waiting for you, that are all
the world to you.

It's not the wond'rous singers or the glorious
 songs you've heard,
That wind around your heartstrings so with every
 little word
But some homely little melody, some simple
 heartfelt lay
That was sung by one you loved so well and now
 has gone away.

'Tis not the bed of roses,
That seems to you so fair;
But the little tree you planted
And tended with such care;
So I find the great and glorious things
Are not so far away;
If we only just could see them—
They're around us every day.

(This Poem is Dedicated to Alfred Walker.)

